DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXVII. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1898. NUMBER 15

Published every week.
$1.00 a year, in advance.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office, New York, N. Y. as second class matter.

ENGLAND'S NAVAL WARS.

We have fed our sea for a thousand years,
And she hails us, still unfed;
There's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead.
We have strewn our best to the weed's unrest,
To the shark and the sheering gull;
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Good God, we have paid it full!

There's never a flood goes shoreward now
But lifts a keel we manned;
There's never an ebb goes seaward now
But drops our dead on the sand—
But drops our dead on the sand forlorn,
From the Ducies to the Swin;
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Good God, we have paid it in!

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,
For that is our doom and pride,
As it was when they sailed with the Golden Hind,
Or the wreck that struck last tide;
Or the wreck that lies on the spout ng reef
Where the ghastly blue lights flare;
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Good God, we have bought it fair!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

MADE HIS OWN END.

The editor *pro tem*, of *The County Journal* sat gloomily in his office, frowning heavily and biting viciously at his mustache.

Things stood in this way: The editor in chief had been called hastily away, leaving Hugh Elliot in charge, and as that young man was ambitious this had been much to his delight.

Before leaving the editor had placed before Hugh the matter to be used in the next issue, including the conclusion of a story begun the previous week. This story it was which had proved the snare to Hugh.

On looking over it he discovered, to his dismay, that the final pages were missing. He had looked for them anxiously, but in vain; hence the confusion about the desk. The story could not be left unfinished; neither could he take it upon himself to substitute another. Suddenly his brow cleared, and a good natured smile lit up his face.

"Ha, the country's saved," he exclaimed. "I'll write an end to the hanged thing myself."

Brushing aside the cluttering papers, he placed what there was of the "hanged thing" before him.

He laughed to himself as his ever too ready sense of the ridiculous caught the humor of the situation.

Evidently the personages in the story were approaching a crists. The characters who seemed to be the most prominent were a tall, dark man, and a short light one; a beautiful young lady and a peculiar personage named Nosmo King, who seemed to be treated by all with exceeding familiarity.

Hugh pondered over the situation and vainly endeavored to find the natural ending of it all. He had not read the first part and consoled himself by hoping that very few others had. It occurred to him to read if now, but as luck would have it a copy of the last issue was not at hand, and he did not take the trouble to look one up, thinking gloomily that quite likely it wouldn't be any help if he had it, and then, too, he thought longingly of the club grounds.

Things went swimmingly now. Each character made several high sounding remarks and went off the stage. The beautiful young lady had a pathetic interview with the light man, in which they resolved to part. The tall, dark man, who was no the doubt the villain—as villains were always dark in stories, so Hugh reasoned and of course no story was complete without one—made some malicious remarks about retribution and vengeance and bowed himself off with all the smiles and grace that accomplished villains are supp sed to possess. Then Nosmo King sang a touching song and ended the whole thing, and the story closed, leaving the heroine in a swoon.

The manuscript, thus artistically completed, was handed in with the other materials for the next issue of the *Journal*, and then much elated by his success as an author, he started for the club grounds.

The paper came out on time with every department up to its usual standard of excellence. Hugh read his part production with great delight and was congratulating himself on having so successfully "got out of a hole," as he expressed it, when the unexpected happened in that peculiar way it has of doing.

The unexpected in this case came in the shape of a young lady who walked into the office the day after the paper came out and demanded of Mr. Elliot to see the editor.

Hugh was not unaccustomed to the sight of young ladies; neither was he accustomed to such a peculiar mingling of chills and apprehension and thrills of admiration as he experience when this particular young lady appeared on the scene.

She was a sweet looking girl, in a dainty toilet of pink that suited her brown eyes and hair to perfection. But in these same brown eyes was an ominous look that called into existence the chills of apprehension which he was also forced to acknowledge.

"I regret to say the editor is out of town," replied Hugh courteously and most truthfully.

"Indeed! And may I ask who is taking his place?"

Here the chills of apprehension rose high in the ascendant, as the "coming event cast its shadow before."

"I have that honor," he answered, wishing heartily that all the honor there was in it belonged to anybody else.

"Then it is you I have to thank for so altering the story published yesterday that even its author can scarcely recognize it. May I ask if you consider your alterations an improvement?"

This was, then, as he had guessed, the author of that unended story.

"I must explain," he said. "You see, the last pages of the manuscript were missing. Unfortunately, I had not read the first part of the story, being so rushed" (with tennis, though it was not necessary to explain that), "and so had to guess at the ending. I am exceedingly sorry about it, but it could not be left unfinished, and as the end could not be found there was nothing else to do. Any amends that can be made will be done most gladly, I assure you."

"You are very kind. What amends do you propose?"

"Well," said Hugh, with a desperate attempt to defend his course, "you know how frequently the most popular writers nowadays end their stories tragically. As I have had no experience in that line, I thought I probably came nearer right to follow their lead, having no idea of the correct ending. But, to speak of the story itself, was not the light man the hero and the dark one the villain—that is, the offending party?"

"Certainly not. The light man was only the brother of the heroine, and there was no villain, as you call it, in the story. The dark man was her betrothed. And as to it being the fashion for stories to to end sad, I believe in love stories ending the right way."

"Oh, so do I." Hugh hastened to say. "And I sincerely regret my mistake. But surely I did not do wrong to let the character Nosmo King—wasn't it—make the concluding remarks? From the part he played throughout I judge he would be likely to do something to to the point at the end."

"Oh, did you? Well, he was the dog."

"Great Cæsar!" exclaimed Hugh, and them the irrepressible sense of humor asserted itself and he burst into a ringing laugh.

"Oh, I do beg your pardon! I am sure I'm heartily sorry for my part in this thing," he said, with such an honestly penitent sound in his voice that she could but believe him. "And if there is any reparation I can make, believe me, it shall be done. Shall I explain in the next issue, or will you not send the lost sheets if you have the copy? Indeed I would be only too happy to serve you in any way."

"No," she answered stiffly, moving toward the door. "I'm sure you have done quite enough. I will not give you any further trouble about it. Good morning."

"But, indeed," he said anixously, "it would be pleasure to do anything you wish if you will only command me."

She did not answer, and Hugh opened the door for her, wretchedly conscious of a feeling of utter incapacity to cope with the situation.

He sat down in the editoral chair after she was gone and meditated on his sins.

"I was a regular brute," he said fiercely, jumping up so violently that the dignified editorial chair went spinning around like a top.

But some way he must gain her forgiveness. He did not know her name, nor, in fact, anything about her exepect—well, nothing but that he hoped he would see her again, and then he would find a way.

The day of the tennis tournament came and came gloriously. Hugh Elliot passed hither and thither at various calls, all the glory of a white duck suit, now wielding a racket instead of the editorial pen.

Just as the game was being called and the places allotted he caught sight of a dainty figure, in white this time, which he recognized at once. It was his divinity of the brown eyes.

She was chatting with some of his friends, the Engles, and Tom Engle, the rascal, was hovering around her with all the assurance and gayety of which he possessed such a generous share.

"Tom always was a lucky dog," said Hugh angrily, while his wrath rose high against himself as he recalled the scene in the office.

Anyhow here was a chance to show that there was at least one thing he could do well, and he vowed that he would make a brave fight on this occasion. Tom Engle also took his place on the field, and the fight was soon in earnest.

For two hours, with slight intermissions, the battle raged. Hugh knew in his heart that he was playing superbly, and he felt, too, that the maiden in white was not totaliy oblivous to his fine strokes.

When the closing game was called, Hugh found himself with Tom Engle as one of his opponents. The four players well matched, and Hugh knew that this last game would be no trifling matter. To make it still more trying he observed that the little party with which Tom had been, including the brown-eyed girl, had approached their court to watch the game and the result.

When the prizes were awarded, Hugh Elliot received the first gentleman's prize, a gold scarfpin in the shape of a ball and racket, tied with the club colors.

Tom Engle was the first to congratulate Hugh on his victory, which he did without the slightest appearance of discontent.

"And now come meet my cousin," he said; "nice girl; going to be here the rest of the summer. Have been looking for you for two or three days to have you come around."

And Tom was leading him away, with the flush of victory still animating his face, when suddenly without any premonition again those horrible chills of apprehension overtook him, but this time unaccompanied by any thrills of admiration.

For entering the club grounds and heading straight for them was Mr. Page, the editor-in-chief of *The Journal*, who, having just returned, was anxious to consult with Hugh as to his success, and rightly guessed this was the place to find him. Thus just as the young men approached the ladies he came up and, knowing Tom well, was presented also.

"Mr. Page, ladies, and Mr. Elliot, the champion of the day, and my ruthless conqueror. My cousin, Miss Ruth Somers, and my sisters you already know."

Hugh bowed with mingled feelings of pleasure, embarrassment and pride, but there was no hint of their late unpleasant meeting in the few words with which Ruth greeted him.

"I congratulate you on your victory, Mr. Elliot," she said.

"You played magnificently."

"Thank you. I am glad there is one thing I can do in a civilized manner," he answered, with a significance which she only understood.

Others soon joined the group, and Mr. Page took the first opportunity to ask Hugh about the paper.

"I hope you had no trouble during my absence," he said.

"Not especially," replied Hugh, hesitatingly and knowing full well that every word could not but be overhead by Miss Somers. "There were some few matters not quite as I had expected. You have seen the paper, of course?"

"Yes, and I am glad you got it out on time. Everything seemed to be up to the usual mark. There was, however, just one thing that somewhat surprised me. That was the story concluded from last week. It struck me as being—well, rather involved toward the end."

"I regret that it was," replied Hugh, "and I am to blame for that. Unfortunately there had to be a slight alteration toward the end on account of an accident—that is, some of the concluding pgaes were missing."

"Missing!" exclaimed Mr. Page. "You don't say so! Well, how did you manage it?"

"Oh, I played author myself," answered Hugh, with a grim smile. "I regret the result was not better."

"What, my dear boy! You wrote the end? Why, you're a treasure, a jewel! I thought you capable, of course, but scarcely thought you equal to that, not being in your line. I'm thinking of looking up a successor for some time in the future, and am glad to know where I may let my mantle fall."

"It was abominable," here Hugh could not help but put in, his endeavors to say the right thing from two points of view providing a serious task. "I'd rather fix up everything else on the paper than do another love story. I know, besides, that the writer will never forgive me, which makes it worse."

"Oh, was there any unpleasantness," asked Mr. Page hastily. "Of course we don't want anything of that kind. Authors are very touchy and can make a good deal of trouble sometimes."

Hugh's face had fallen decidedly during these last remarks, and he saw that he stood a poor chance of advancement if his chief knew how very unsatisfactory to the author his conclusion to the story had been. But Miss Somers also had caught the hint, and now turned a charming face to Mr. Page.

"Indeed, Mr. Page," she said sweetly, "you said you would leave it to me to judge, and I assure you Mr. Elliot's part of the story was charming, and so like the up-to-date story I must say I was exceedingly interested in reading it myself, and feel sure the author will make no complaints. More than likely the writer forgot to send the manuscript complete, anyhow. Authors are so careless. I think Mr. Elliot should be praised and deserves every advancement for his ability."

"So be it, then," agreed Mr. Page cheerfully, and walked away, leaving the two young people stranded together at some distance from their party, which had moved on during the conversation.

By a mutual impulse, as soon as Mr. Page was gone, they glanced furtively at each other, and what each saw in the other's face must have been reassuring, for, without more ado, both immediately dropped their dignity and broke into such a hearty, good-natured laugh at the turn the whole thing had taken, that it would have been impossible after that to regain their distance, and made them feel like old acquaintances at once.

"Do you remember what you said to me the first time I ever saw you?" he asked, without further preliminaries.

"I said a lot of things, didn't I—some hateful ones?"

"Never mind them. But you said, too, that you believe in love stories ending the right way. I'm thinking of a case where your ending could be used beautifully."

"But I thought you liked two endings, like one of Rudyard Kipling's stories, and I believe you couldn't think of any more. My ending might do for one, supposing there was such a case, and"—

"Let us suppose such a case. Go on."

Well, yours might do for the other, and you might have Nosmo to sing. See; here he is."

"Oh, bother Nosmo!"

"And the heroine swooning, and the villain and the lover are one, so one ending would be enough."

"It seems to be rather involved too."

"There let me untangle it, Ruth, and, since my miserable ending was published, let us live out your happy one together. That is the use I want to make of it, and that will be far better than having it published."

Here the villain looked so much in earnest that only one ending seemed at all possible, and Ruth answered, trying to speak very innocently and failing dismally:

"Of course, it is a pity not to make some use of it. If you think my ending better than yours"—

"Never mind finishing your sentence either, Ruth," said Hugh gladly. "I do think yours better than mine. But if I had never written mine perhaps we could never have lived yours as now we shall, so you see there is something to be said for two endings."

"But I don't know," began Ruth, with one feeble effort to resist the irresistible.

"Oh, never mind; I do! I'm a full fledged editor now, and am supposed to know all about love stories."

"Whether you do or not," added Ruth, saucily.

But here the villain takes matters in his own hands, and the story becomes hopelessly involved.—*Elizabeth A. Moore in Chicago Record.*

Venetian Point Lace.

About the very name of Venetian lace, there is a sumptuousness, an old-world glory and magnificence, suggestive of the Renaissance. Souls worthy to possess Venetian point will be reminded of old Italian portraits by Titian, Bordone and Paul Veronese. Lace was the outcome of luxurious age which reached its zenith in the days in which those painters lived and worked, and the student will seek in vain for any record of lace in the works of earlier masters. Point or needle lace is the especial creation of Italy, probably Venice, and dates fur no ther back than the fifteenth century.

The monk Reginald, who took part in the opening of the tomb of St. Cuthbert at the Cathedral of Durham, writes that the saint's shroud had a fringe of linen threads an inch long, surmounted by a border "worked upon the threads with representations of birds and a pair of beasts, there being between each pair a branching tree." The church lace of the Ionian Isles—which belong to Venice—was not appreciated by the natives, who brought it on board the steamers and sold it, black with age and unpleasant to the senses. This is not to be wondered at when it is known that it was taken from the tombs, where for centuries it had adorned the grave-clothes of the dead Ionian. Hunting in the catacombs has become a regular trade. Much coarse lace of the same kind is still made in the islands, steeped in coffee and sold as from the tombs.

With Turkish women, drawn threadwork was a favorite pastime and is still much affected in the harems of Constantinople. Its employment dates from very early times. The fashion for lace spread quickly; lace both white and gold, came into general use in the sixteenth century. Catherine de Medici had a bed draped with squares of drawn-work made by the ladies of her household. The inventory of her lace contained coffers in which were hundreds of such squares elaborately worked with rosettes, blossoms and nosegays.

In the seventeenth century furniture, especially beds, were literally draped in lace. Head and foot-boards and canopies were completely hidden beneath a mass of cloudy draperies. The interior of carriages were hung with these lacy fabrics.

In the face of absurd abuses through which certain nobles ruined themselves, Henry IV. issued edicts intended to lessen the use of laces.

"You want iron and soldiers," argued his prime minister, "and not lace and silk to trick out fops."

The king's severity against the prodigality of the courtiers is justified when one finds, for example, that De Cinq-Mars left at his death, in 1642, more than three hundred sets of collars and cuffs trimmed in lace.

It was with extreme reluctance that the ladies obeyed the command of the king. "In spite of my personal beauty," said one fair dame, "it still seems to my eyes that with gold and lace I could further enhance my charms."

At this time there succeeded to the throne of France Louis XIV., a young king whose influence in developing the new industry was decisive. Under the regency of his queen-mother, one edict issued, commanding all laces to be laid aside, kindled great anxiety, its publication taking place on the eve of the king's marriage. The dresses made for the great occasion were trimmed in real lace in honor of the arrival of the bride, and the cruelty of the edict was doubly felt. On all sides murmurs rose to such a degree that Moliere, at the risk of offending the king, endeavored to mollify public discontent by a mock eulogy of the decree.

The decree naturally produced consternation among the lace-makers who were dependent upon it. At this time, a Jesuit father, since canonized by the church of St. Francois Regis, appeared at Auvergne distributing pious advice. Moved by the sufferings and lamentations of the women reduced to misery, he said:

"Have confidence, pray to God and help me, and lace-making shall not perish."

Trade revived, and to this day, the lace-makers of Auvergne invoke St. Francois Regis as their patron saint. Auvergne has since retained its celebrity as a classic home of laces. The versatility of the Auvergnese workers is wonderful they using with equal facility threads, flax, silk, worsted, goat and rabbit hair.

Louis XIV. cast away the vexatious measures inspired by his mother, and determined to enrich his own kingdom by means of an industry which had proven so remunerative to Venice. He learned all the details of the manufacture from the French ambassador at the Venetian court. In order to adopt all processes of foreign lace-making, he engaged work from Italy and Flanders and placed them at suitable centers. During that time, the Venetian senate regarded the departure of workers to France as a state crime. Forthwith was issued this decree:

"If any artist or handicraftsman practices his art in any foreign land, orders to return will be sent to him; if he disobeys his nearest kin will be imprisoned. If he comes back, his past offenses will be condoned and employment will be found for him in Venice; if, notwithstanding the imprisonment of his nearest kin, he obstinately remains abroad, an emissary will be commissioned to kill him and his next of kin will be liberated only upon his death."

Happily no emissaries were deputed to carry into effect this terrible threat held over the truant workers.

Louis XIV. had a passion for point lace and gave a large sum for the lace collar that he wore at his coronation. His regin was notable for the display both of the Venetian guipure in its most sumptuous development and of point de France.

There is a pretty legend connected with that fine, patternless guipure, "point de Venise." The story is that a sailor youth from the Indian seas brought home to his betrothed, a worker in needlepoints; a bunch of delicate coral-line, telling her that it was a lace woven by the mermaids in their coral caves under the waters of the Indian Ocean.

"I will make something far prettier with my needle," said the girl; "my bridal veil shall be of mermaid lace.

The lover sailed away and for months the lace-maker worked with her needle forming knots and tiny stars until an exquisite long scarf of guipure was produced which became the admiration of all Venice when she wore it for a bridal veil.

Point de Venise was the earliest know lace, seemingly wrought by fairy fingers out of mists and cobwebs, almost out of nothing. The use of finery thus encouraged under Louis XIV. was in Louis XV.'s reign even more exaggerated. Never were dishabilles more elegant; coverlets of beds, trimmings of pillow-cases and toilet tables involved a use of lace in excess of what had been necessary during the preceding reign. The Dowager Duchesse de la Ferte had a coverlet made of a single piece of Venetian point.

The revolution contributed to ruin the manufacture of point laces. For nearly fifty years Argenten and Venice—illustrious Venice—produced no more laces. The tradition of an art which had been their glory and profit was lost. Napoleon, solicitous for a revival of the manufacture, encouraged it and endeavored to resume the courtly etiquette of Louis XIV. in requiring point lace to be worn at court receptions. A bed-trimming of lace costing forty-thousand francs was ordered for Empress Josephine, but during its making her escutcheons were replaced by those of Marie Louise, who, little flattered by the notion of possessing what had been destined for another, made difficulties about receiving it.

Extension of trade in luxuries like lace was frustrated by the incessant wars. Peace restored prosperity to Alencon and at each of the great international exhibitions, she has secured the highest prices for her sumptuous laces. Hers are the most dextrously wrought and most costly, and she proves herself worthy of her illustrious past. In recent years lace-making has revived in Venice.

Notwithstanding the progress made in the use of machinery in lace-making of which this country is so justly proud, it need not be feared that machinery will entirely take the place of hand. It would be an obvious loss to art should it become so, for machinery, however skillfully devised, cannot accomplish what the hand does.

This century has produced much lace. Within late years 300,000 French women have derived a livelihood from the industry. The mother works the lace surrounded by her girls, who from their earliest years are taught the art.

The study of lace is fascinating and will enlarge our sympathies with the humble and skillful workmen who eke out a meager living with their needles and bobbins.

"Yon cottager who weaves at her own door,
Pillow and bobbins, all her little store—
Content though mean, and cheerful if not gay,
Shuffling her threads all the livelong day—
Just earns a scanty pittance, and at night.
Lies down secure, her heart and pocket light.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

SPANISH AND CUBAN WAX GROUPS AT THE EDEN MUSEE.

For several months past the Eden Musee has been putting on exhibition wax groups representing persons and scenes of the struggle for liberty in Cuba. The number of these groups has increased to such an extent, that the Musee has been crowded recently with persons interested in that struggle. Many Cubans pay their tributes to the wax representations and the crowds that at all times surround the groups are enthusiastic for Cuban freedom. In fact around these groups is discussed the latest war news. Among the groups are hospital scenes, Captain Sigsbee, and all the great Cuban Generals. The King of Spain is also shown but he has few admirers. The group representing the methods of Spanish torture has become doubly interesting on account of the certainty of war between the United States and Spain. The Cinematograph each hour shows new moving pictures connected with Cuba and army life. They include a picture of the Maine as she entered Havana harbor. When the Musee artist took this picture, it was only a few days before the Maine was blown up. In the background are seen the other ships in the harbor and also Morro Castle in the distance. The other scenes show cavalry dashes, soldiers on the march, batteries firing salutes, and finally the Stars and Stripes and the Cuban Flag, on a flag staff, fluttering together in the breeze. All these scenes are vigorously applauded and at times the enthusiasm of the visitors rise to a point where they cheer, or join in the chorus of the patriotic music which accompanies the pictures. The Passion Play exhibits each afternoon and evening and is received with as much interest as ever. The 150th exhibition took place a few nights ago. Many of the visitors are ministers and church people and they are all enthusiastic in their praises. Rev. H. H. Warren of the Central Park Baptist Church on East 88d Street, New York, recently wrote to the Musee as follows: "The other night when I was at the Musee I noticed the largest audience I have seen for years. Exclamations of praise could be heard from all sides and I also noticed that many were moved to tears. I personally want to thank the management for this realistic and thoroughly devotional and beautiful entertainment they are now giving to the public. Every one should see it. I would advise all Christian people to do so and take their friends whom they desire to see leading a Christian life, for here they will see a vivid portrayal of the life and sufferings of the world's Redeemer and at the same time hear the gospel given in a most striking and convincing manner, which certainly must leave an impression for good."

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, APRIL 14, 1898.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One copy, one year, - - - $1.00
If not paid within six months, - 1.50

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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

THE popular impression is that we are on the eve of war with Spain, and as a consequence the fire of patriotism burns fiercely in the breast of many a deaf-mute. Some whom we have conversed with are laying plans to get into the conflict and strew the ground with bloody corses of the flower of Spain. But their hopes and and aspirations are smothered at the outset by the fact that deafness bars them from active military service.

The question is asked, Why should deafness be an insurmountable obstacle to death or glory on the field of battle?

The deaf can fight as individuals; they can struggle—and win—as a team on the football field; they can perform military evolutions when drilled by competent instructors, as any one will admit who has witnessed the daily marching and manœuvres of the Fanwood cadets, supplemented by their gun drill; then why should not a company of deaf-mutes be successful and effective in the active military ranks of the nation?

The reply is: They can not hear the word of command.

Of course, that is true; but why should it be necessary to give commands by word of mouth? If the officers of a deaf-mute company understand the sign-language, the commands can be given in the twinkling of an eye, amid the roar of battle as well as in the quiet that is said to precede it.

The deaf have been clamoring for positions under the Civil Service, and protesting against the discrimination that makes examination for positions impossible. They rightly argue that there are any number of positions that can be filled by a man who is deaf as well as by one who can hear, and therefore the avenue of competition should not be closed to them. So, also, in military service, there are duties to be performed that do not necessarily require the sense of hearing. Possibly they could be used in the commissary department or the sanitary department. At any rate, from a civilian point of view, it seems only reasonable to assume that the services of the deaf could be profitably utilized in some direction, and their patriotic ardor gratified to the extent of allowing them to be active workers, if not actual combatants, in the service of their country.

THE Gallaudet Home Fair is over, and the little band of deaf ladies who have been working their eyes and fingers out for the past three months, can take a well-earned and much-needed rest. Something less than $200 has been netted for the Home, and this was accomplished by the deaf themselves. The surging crowd of hearing parishioners of St. Matthew's did not materialize. Their intense, sympathetic, almost delirious, interest in the "poor deaf and dumb people," seems to have petered out since the assets of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes were safely and securely placed in the yawning emptiness of St. Matthew's treasury. With the exception of those ever-industrious daughters of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Mrs. John Chamberlain and Mrs. Krans, the patronage of the hearing was an empty delusion. However, it is said that in June ground will be broken for the new St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, on 148th Street, near Amsterdam Avenue, if three of the five lots can be sold to furnish the "sinews of war." "For all we are destined to receive, may the Lord make us truly grateful!"

QUEEN VICTORIA.

The recent Jubilee of Queen Victoria makes the revered sovereign of Great Britain a personage of peculiarly great interest at the present time to all the world.

Much has been written of the famous Queen and her famous record breaking reign, but the following anecdotes and short stories will throw far more light on the real charater of the woman whom all the world has honored than many volumes of biography And, too, they will be found much more interesting.

Her Majesty has ever been fond of dogs, and the royal kennels near Windsor are among the finest in the world. Her Majesty has never been known to visit Windsor without going to see these favorite animals. Often her first visit after her arrival is to the kennels, and also sometimes her last before departure.

One of the most interesting sights of the royal kennels is the graveyard. Here, beneath a plot of turf, two enormous elms overshadowing it, some of the royal dogs are buried. In many cases the graves are not marked, but five have over them little slabs of stone flush with the turf, into which iron plates are let, engraved with names and dates. These are the graves of dogs which were the Queen's special pets.

The Queen always made it a point to keep the religious instruction of her children as much as possible in her own hands. A good story illustrative of this is told to the effect that once when the Archdeacon of London was catechising the young Princes, he said:—

"Your governess deserves great credit for instructing you so thoroughly."

At which the youngsters piped up:—

"Oh, but it's mamma teaches us our caterhism."

It is not perhaps generally known that the Queen occasionally taught a Bible class for the children of those in attendance at Buckingham Palace. The Princess Royal, when a child and the Prince of Wales, too, needed the curb occasionally. Once the Princess at a military review was coquetting with some officers of the escort and took no notice of warning looks by the Queen. Finally she dangled her handkerchief over the side of the carriage and dropped it intentionally. There was a rush of young officers to pick it up. but the Queen bade them desist, and, turning to the Princess, said in a stern voice:—

"Now, pick up your handkerchief yourself."

There was no help for it. The young Princess, with flaming cheeks and a saucy toss of the head, did as she was told. Another time it was "Princie" who received a wholesome lesson. He was riding in company with his father, and for once forgot his usual politeness and neglected to acknowledge the salute of a passerby. Prince Albert, observing it, said:—

"Now, my son, go back and return that man's bow."

And he had to do it

It is said that of the Prime Ministers who have held office during Victoria's reign none has been more of a favorite at court or got along more smoothly than Beaconsfield, and that, on the other hand, none has been really less liked by the Queen than Gladstone. This is easily accounted for. Bascnsfield recognized fully the late French Emperror's saying, that "ladies must be humored," and he pleased the Queen by obeying all her little whiams. Moreover, he was on John Brown's side in politics and knew how to please that worthy servitor.

Beaconsfield "managed" the Queen in one way by agreeing to call her "Empress of India." Hence Her Majesty permitted him a freedom of address never endured from any other of her Ministers, except Lord Melbourne.

Gladstone could never forget himself or fail to hint, if he did not clearly show, that he had a mind of his own. He always was masterful in his way, and never hesitated on occasion to suggest to the Queen that his way was the best—often the only way—to proceed. Hence Gladstone has never been a favorite with Her Majesty.

At a matchmaker Queen Victoria takes easily the first place. Her activities in this direction have been ceaseless. No sooner is one lonely princess provided with a husband than search is again begun over the rising generations of European royalties for a suitable husband or a wife, as the case may be. But the Queen has not only provided husbands for her daughters and granddaughters and wives for her sons and grandsons. She has seen to it that they were the right kind of husbands and wives—that is, from a royal standpoint. Power was grasped wherever seen, and the Emperor of Germany is the grandson of the Queen. Then came dignity and wealth without the power, and sovereigns of no political importance were caught in the web of the English net.

As a result, four of the descendants of the Queen are or have been sovereigns, and ten others are heirs apparent or consorts of heirs apparent, with the prospect now of having a grandchild as Empiress of of Russia. The blood of the Queen flows in more than half a dozen of the royal houses of Europe.

She may be justly styled the mother of kings. It is true that these kings differ, and so much in degree that rigid rules of precedence and etiquette are necessary to differentiate them. They range all the way from the Emperor of Germany, who is a star of the first magnitude, to the Prince of Roumania, who is a very insignificant member of the monarchical firmament. Still, they wear a crown, and theoretically rank among the highest.

In considering the spread of English influence this factor ought not to be lost sight of—that the royal families of Europe are directly connected with the English house, and that every princelet and princess sent out to rule or be a consort carries English ideas to new fields of conquest.

If the Queen has set herself strenuously to any one task of her life it has been to maintain the purity of her court. The London correspondent of the *Boston Herald* wrote not long ago:—"There are persons in the kingdom to-day who wonder how the Queen ever became familiar enough with the little peccadilloes of certain personages to justify her in excluding them from her favor. But Queen Victoria knows the time of day as well as anybody between John o' Groat's and Land's End. But with all her fastidiousness she has, as I have said, a womanly relish for gossip.

"Now, sit here beside me and give me the news from town,' she will say to a lady who is honored with an invitation to the castle.

"Does an author, a painter or a musician make a stir in the world, she is as eager to know all about him as any diligent reader of the popular press. There is no a prominent politician whose relations with his family are not fairly well known to her. It was only the other day she refused to sanction the appointment of a very able man who had been recommended by the government for an important office. The reason for her refusal was that the appointment would bring the man into personal relations with her, and the result would be very uncomfortable for him, because she would not receive his wife.

"Of course, these were not the reasons officially given, but they determined the Queen's decision, and a few days after this had been given she said to a London lady who was for awhile a guest in the royal household, and with whom she had been discussing, in a friendly way, the disappointed politician and his spouse:—

"Now, what is Mrs. So-and-So really like? Do sit here and tell me all about her!"

And she listened with unconcealed womanly amusement to the narrative.

Although a very old woman and far behind the times in some ways, the Queen is abreast of them in others. For instance, up to a few years ago the court circular list of visitors and other particulars of goings on at the palace were written out with pen and ink for her Majesty's perusal; now the work is done on typewriters, there being one of these machines in use at each of the royal palaces.

The Queen has even learned to operate the typewriter herself, as has also her daughter, Princess Beatrice, and the click of the machine may often be heard in the private apartments of the sovereign at Windsor and Osborne.

Another invention of which she has become a most enthusiastic patron is the phonograph, and the instrument which was presented to her some time ago is in constant use and accompanies her in all her flittings. She is continually having cylinders charged with the principal airs from her favorite operas and composers.

According to the astrologists, Victoria should have died in October or November, 1895. Some of the most noted astrologists in India set the aforementioned as the time of the Queen's decease. But in spite of their predictions and their elaborate arrangement of planetary configurations to support them, the Queen still lives, and millions of her subjects are singing "Long Live the Queen!"

Of all the peers of the realm who were in possession of their titles at the time of Victoria's accession to the throne, only one is now living. Indeed, there are but two peers living who were members of the House of Commons when Victoria became Queen, these being Earl Mansfield and Earl Mexborough.

[Continued next week.]

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Camping Out at Great Falls.

HAPPENINGS OF THE HOLIDAYS.

Waiting for the President's Message for Five Honrs, and in Vain.

(From our Washington Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 9.—Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday witnessed the successful culmination of another three months of hard work, though, as said last week, the large number of twenty-six—nearly one-third—wound up their connection with study the previous Friday. The term's work was unusually good. Very few had to take the full examinations, and the number of failures, as announced by President Gallaudet Thursday morning, was nearly as small as that of total exempts used to be. In fact, the two columns appear to have changed place bodily. The seniors had a woful struggle at the end of first term, but this time the whole class was successful. Of the juniors, three from the hither side are not yet done with cramming. Two men and one woman of the sophomore class, are resolved to try it again. The freshies add one "student" to the sophs' number. Finally, two of each sex of the ducks will spend another forenoon in the chapel at no distant date. This brings the total to only fourteen; and of this, only four are co-eds.

As soon as exams were over, and a farewell feast of college grub partaken of, by far the larger part of the boys left for "the old campground" near Great Falls, awheel or by car and foot, as the case might be. Only twelve found their affection for our college-halls and fare too strong to permit this temporary isolation from her. "The *boys* they left behind them" were, however, for another reason, not inclined to envy the campers their out-door joys. Tuesday what should the weather-clerk serve up but a snowstorm, and ice froze during the night. Reports from the camp say that it snowed again Wednesday night. And yet they maintain it was warm, both actually and comparatively. They would say the former probably, if they were camping in Northern Greenland. As to the comparative temperature, it would be an interesting study to the scientist to decide how the boys could test the tempearture at Great Falls and here at the same time. The cold-wave is now broken by a delicious warm rain, which will be very soothing and soporific indeed, as it percolates through the canvas and moistens their parched bed-clothes. However, the campers' joys consist not so much in those of the outer as of the inner man, and they have plenty of time for what one of their forerunners once summed up as their ideal of bliss; eating, sleeping and smoking. Really, too, the difference in latitude and altitude, (which in not very enormous) may be counterbalanced by the shelter of the mountains and "primeval" forest.

Only two have been in from camp; Long, '00, Thursday, and Peterson, '98, Saturday. This would seem to prove more than would words; that they are enjoying themselves and, really, we do not doubt it.

Some of the stay-at-homes have visited the camp, or are going to still. Fister, '98, was out Saturday, and brought home an enormous fish—story.

Friday was undoubtedly the camper's great day. Just as surely as every Easter the boys seek again the joys of Camp Gallaudet, just as surely do the girls go out for one day at least, to cram with delicious (?) indigestibles, to scramble over the rugged crags at Great Falls with the aid of some stalwart arm, or to post on said rocks in picturesque groups in company with owners of said arms to pacify the ravenous man of the immortalizing camera; and all this indirectly to prove the blooming health and strength of Gallaudet co-eds, the result of the modern calisthenics—too blooming, perhaps; for who would tempt fate in the form of a woman who can walk seven miles each way, and spend hours in clambering over hills and rocks, not only without being exhausted, but even no more than moderately fatigued. Only eight of them remained at home that day.

Monday a party of them purpose to go to Harper's Ferry, in charge of Prof. Hotchkiss—not to walk, though, we venture to suppose.

The boys who stay at home are spending the time in various ways; some hard at work; some seeing hitherto unseen sights, or making short excursions; some roosting on the Georgetown wall to view the games with Yale, Princeton, Lehigh, et cetera; and some merely lounging through the holidays and exclaiming at the "drought."

Messrs. Henne and Driggs, normal, stayed until Wednesday, in order to hear the President's message, which was sure to be sent to Congress that day. They left in in the afternoon for the extended tour described in last letter.

Mr. White, normal, is enjoying a visit from a friend, Mr. Ellis, of Philadelphia, who arrived Thursday and is showing him the lions.

Miss Rogers, '99, is visiting at Mount Airy and with Miss Kershner, '97.

Miss Elsworth, '00, is spending Easter at her New York home

Missses Burchard and Buckingham, of Fanwood, are visiting in the city, and called at college the other day.

George Gordon, son of Supt. Gordon of the Illinois School and our late professor, is reported in town. He is a Princeton sophomore, and perhaps spending his holidays here from habit, perhaps to see friends, perhaps more light is thrown on the subject by the report that he was seen with some one on his arm.

Dr. Gallaudet's children are home, as usual, at holidays. He is very fortunate in being thus able to gather his family around him so frequently. Mr. and Mrs. Denison Gallaudet also spent time at the paternal mansion; and in connection with this it is heard that President Gallaudet is now a grandfather.

The holidays will, alas! be over all too soon. They close with chapel exercises at nine o'clock Tuesday morning, after which lessons for next day's recitations will be announced, and, presumably, studied.

Easter services here were held at 9:30 o'clock, Dr. Gallaudet reading the scripture account of the first Easter, and making some pertinent remarks on the present one, with the shadow of the war-cloud upon it, but explaining how war is sometimes the least of two evils, and even God's remedy for wrong and suffering, and drawing consolation for the awful results of war from the resurrection at the first Easter.

The writer, with a couple of other students and the fellows, was on hand to see the delivery of the President's message Wednesday. Our party arrived at the capitol as early as 8:30, and found already long lines waiting. At 9 precisely the doors were thrown open and the crowd surged in. The public galleries were filled in five minutes, and the Senators', President's, and Diplomats', in order, the latter before 11, while the reporters' gallery had over twenty in it. Sir Julian Pauncefote was just in time to get the last seat in the Diplomatic gallery. Miss Cisneros, niece of the President of the Cuban Republic, was seen in the Senatorial gallery. The senate opened exactly at noon, and over an hour and a half of the most tedious business of the session followed. Then, after sitting patiently for nearly five hours, the people were sent out of the galleries for executive session. It was only for a few minutes, and a big rush again followed by those who had tarried, but it was found that no message was forthcoming; and it leaked out some way that General Lee had telegraphed for more time, in order to get our citizens out of Cuba. In spite of disgust and weariness, the people were undoubtedly willing that the delay should be granted, as General Lee has deserved that much and more consideration.

By the way, while we are on war-news, and apropos of "P. P's." suggestion to ask Fister, '98, for information as to our navy, the latter very much wishes to ask if "P. P." has yet found if there is any difference between a plain torpedo-boat and a torpedo-boat destroyer.

Our Reading Room Club reorganized Tuesday afternoon, with the following committee: Messrs. Zahn (Chairman) and Rothert, '98, Wills (Secretary) and Rosson (Treasurer) '99, and Sowell (librarian); and Peirce, '00. Funds were found to be rather low only a red cent on hand, and a debt of nearly four dollars—but third term auction sales and unpaid dues will give up a balance to finish the year.

Miss Pierce, '99, leaves college for good, on account of ill-health, starting for her Iowa home Monday.

Four games is the schedule in base-ball for the coming week—practice games Tuesday and Friday, and matches Wednesday and Saturday. The practice games are necessary to get our boys into shape after the vacation outing. Tuesday we meet Business High School; Wednesday, Maryland Agricultural College; and Friday, Eastern High School—all at home: Saturday, Fredericksburg College, at Fredericksburg, Virginia. Our matches are likely to be hard ones. The editor and reader must not be alarmed by this list. We will try to keep within bounds in describing the games.

PHILADELPHIA.

Easter Services and Incidents.

A CASE OF IMPOSITION.

News of the Week.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent

A beautiful and impressive Easter service was held at All Souls' Church for the deaf yesterday afternoon at the usual time. The weather, though threatening at times, had little or no effect upon the attendance which was unusually large. The floral decorations inside of the chancel were profuse, and presented a fascinating sight which seemed enhanced by their fragrance.

Anticipating hearing worshippers among his congregation, the Rev. J. M. Koehler had prepared his sermon, on the Resurrection, in writing, and read by an assistant, who was Rev. W. J. Robertson, and in this he was not mistaken. The other occupants of the chancel were the active Lay-Reader, Mr. F. C. Smielau and Mr. Wm. Eardeley-Thomas, a student at the Divinity School.

The Easter service was preceded by baptism at 2 o'clock P. M.

The child of Mr. and Mrs. Richard J. King, which had previously been privately baptized, was publicly received in Church, and Messrs. Harris Staley and Charles W. Hagy were then baptized by Rev. Mr. Koehler.

At the service for the day, Rev. J. M. Koehler preached his sermon being read orally by Rev. Mr. Robertson, as intimated above, and he also administered Holy Communion afterwards. Over seventy persons knelt at the rail.

After Church, the Bible Classes met in the hall below, to decide on the distribution of their offerings for the past year, but action upon it was unanimously postponed until next Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Koehler had also administered Communion at Grace Church, Mt. Airy, on Easter morning, and in the evening he conducted a similar service at St. John the Baptist's Chapel, in Reading, Pa.

Bishop Whitaker is announced to visit All Souls' Church to administer Confirmation, on May 8th.

Among the Easter visitors to All Souls' Church, the following came from a distance: Harrison Yoder, of Reading, Pa.; Thos. F. Keelins and Mr. Fell, both of Wilmington, Del.; Daniel Heebner, of Rudy P. O., Pa.; Joseph Fenerstein, of Riverside, N. J.; and several others whose names we could not obtain in the crowd.

The following is vouched for by one of the persons whom it directly concerns, his name being withheld at his own request. Some five years ago a deaf-mute emigrated here from Ireland, chiefly upon the solicitation of a hearing brother. He brought with him his savings, some four hundred dollars, which he intrusted to his brother for safekeeping. He knew something about farming, and was put on his brother's farm somewhere near Chester, Pa., to eke out a livelihood, and he served there for several years, during all of which time he was not paid for his labor, nor given any of his former savings. The only compensation, he got, he says, was his board and some other necessities, such as clothing, etc., and occasionally a little spending money.

It may be imagined that his pleasures and pivileges were few, even among his fellow deaf, and, indeed he seemed far from happy. Being of a quiet and unassuming disposition, he did not suspect that he was being made a dupe by one bearing such close relationship to him. However, as time bore on, his needs and desires increased and, through them and the continual restriction exercised over him, the fact finally dawned upon him, that he was misused and his rights abused. Thereupon he made a demand upon his brother, and when justice was not forthcoming employed a lawyer, who succeeded in collecting $856.00 for him. Needless to say, the brothers are now estranged, but who will blame the deaf man for doing what he did. Even with the sum obtained through Court he seems poorly compensated for four or five years' service, while his original savings, if included in the sum, make it so much less.

The above is a rather singular case, though instances are known in which other deaf have been cheated out of their rights under wills of deceased relatives.

Miss S. Antoinette Rogers, of Gallaudet College, and Miss Emma Kershner, of Robesonia, Pa., spent the greater part of last week visiting here. Miss Rogers, who hails from a Southern State, must have felt a pretty (?) surprise here, having come in a shirt waist and found the ground covered with snow.

A boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. James McMonigle. Mrs. McMonigle was formely Miss Sheick, of New York.

George Diehl, who was run down by a wagon some time ago, goes about with the aid of a cane now.

The Kensington Club for the Deaf received a visit from Mr. Daniel Heebner, of Rudy P. O., Pa.; last week, and he gave it a contribution to help buy the uniforms for the club's baseball team. He was given a vote of thanks. Mr. J. Brown, the secretary of the c, has the heartfelt sympathy of e members and others in the los of his father, who was buried on Sa day afternoon in North Cedar Hill Cemetery. The members of the baseball team are in hopes of getting their uniforms next week.

Last Thursday, being the anniversary of the institution of the Lord's Supper (Maundy Thursday), there was no meeting of the Clerc Literary Association, but a Communion Service in the Church which the members attended. Two other sevices were held on Good Friday, one at noon and the other in the evening.

J. S. R.

April 11, 1898.

A Curious Alaskan Lake.

"There is in Alaska, nor far from Dawson City, a truly extraordinary lake, to which has been given the name of Salawik by its discoverer, Father Tosti, a missionary to the Indians of Alaska. This lake, which is sixty miles broad, is perhaps the only one in the extreme North which does not freeze in winter. It is not known to have any communication with the sea, and yet when the tides rise on the shore of the Arctic Ocean, the water rises in the lake, and lowers as soon as the tide in the ocean falls.

This sympathy with the sea, however, does not go so far to make the water of Lake Salawik salty; on the contrary, its water is excellent for drinking. Another astonishing peculiarity of the lake is that its temperature rises in winter and falls in summer. Thus when all the water-courses in its neighborhoor are frozen solid, the water of the lake becomes so warm that it is really pleasant to bathe in it. On the contrary, in summer its water is so cold that it chills you.

"This peculiarity causes the lake to be in winter the Mecca of the tribe of fishes who travel thither from all the water-courses which empty into it. The number of fish is so great that you can catch them with your hands and kill a considerable quantity of them with a stick. Thus there is opened to miners a considerable supply of provisions, on which they had not counted, and which will diminish greatly, without doubt, the cost of living in winter in those inhospitable region. In an hour, a man can supply himself with fish enough to last him a month, and fish of an excellent kind, too, as, for instance, salmon of the best quality. It will not be astonishing, says *L'Evenement*, Quebec, if some fine day there is built, on the shores of Lake Salawik, one of those fashionable hotels which are the glory of American watering-places."—*The Literary Digest.*

Finds Wonderful Ruins.

Prof. Alleson, of the Berlin Geographical Society, describes a remarkable archeological find. In Dawson Island, in the Pacific, he found a tableland three miles in extent, devoid of vegetation, and covered by masses of wonderful ruins in all stages of decay. The remains of buildings show them to have been well-formed structures, but of the crumbling walls only a few feet remain standing. In the far distance was a huge pile which crowned the extreme edges of the plateau. The natives guided the visitors to the side of the mountain, where the work shops of the long-dead people were located. The mountain, a hard volcanic rock, rose in a series of ledges of ten or fifteen yards each, to the peak, several thousand feet high. Upon each ledge was a number of gigantic stone heads, some cut off at the neck, with the bust shown, ranging from ten to thirty feet high, and all hewn in the solid volcanic rock. All of the faces bore a striking resemblance of expression. The most sinister head had a long, protruding chin and expanded nostrils.

Some guns kick; revenge is one of them.

"No man can help his belief." Unless he has brains.

The dullest man has in him something original. It is sin.

In religious controversy, ferocity is not the only sign of fidelity.

For a certain class of minds, infidelity is the hall-mark of genius.

"Christianity is all very well, but a man must live." Yes, to all eternity.

He who casts stones at others, makes of himself a target for their return.

When the X rays are so perfected as to reveal a man's thought, there will be a radical change in thinking.

NEW YORK.

Easter Sunday--How it was Spent.

ALL SORTS OF NEWS.

The Entertainment Friday, and other Events to Come.--The Wheelmen are Everywhere.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbary's address is 208 East 59th Street, New York City.

Easter brought what everyone wished for—pleasant weather—and there was an abundance of it, for such a lovely day as was this Easter Sunday does not come often at this time of the year. However, this state only lasted till about half past five, when black clouds massed over head and before six o'clock there was a downpour, but if many suffered by it can only be conjectured.

There were the same scenes as witnessed on similar occasions in the past. The avenues were thronged with gayly dressed misses and gentlemen, with as faultless attire as within their power (or rather circumstances) to present. The churches were well attended, while the pulpits and altars had flowers as adornments, which also shed forth a pleasant garden-like aroma, the whole combining to harmonize all that is pure, seemingly a mute song of glory to Him on High.

St. Matthew's was in keeping with the above description, while the congregation was quite large and the services very interesting and impressive; as was also the case with St. Mark's Church in Brooklyn, and St. Francis Xavier's Catholic Church. At the latter the ladies were in the majority.

The wheelmen, too, made the most of the day, but where each and everyone went, no one can say, for there are so many courses for spinning that it may be surmised every place of any prominence that had good roads leading thereto was represented by the silent pedalers. Coney had its attractions for many, while a spin on the cycle path to some first class hotel sufficed for others. Westchester attracted a half dozen deaf young men and two young ladies. The regular club run appears to have fizzled out, and the members gone in different routes singly, in twos, trios, quads, etc. Captain Soper has sent his specially built order wheel to the factory to be modernized—reduced from 26 inches to a 23 inch frame, with two inches drop to the hanger, and to be re-chameled, and of course could not be "in the swim;" President O'Brien's "League" is tardy in arriving; but next Sunday the run to Bergen Point is expected to be better attended, as the fine Hudson Boulevards and the excellent table d'hote dinners to be had by the bay is too great a temptation to resist. Meet at West 42d Street ferry at 9:30 A.M.

Friday evening of this week, the 15th, all the fun will be concentrated at the Central Opera House at 205 217 East 67th Street. There the Silent Wheelmen will entertain one and all for 25 or 35 cents. The latter entitles you to a reserved seat. The play is not a long-drawn-out tragedy; nor is there any plot to it. It is a comedy of errors; a laughing scene from beginning to end, as crazy and nonsensical as it is possible without being silly. The editor, have mercy on him, will be shown in his daily routine, with a string of visitors in succession from early evening to midnight. Two young ladies will act as members of his family. The janitor, the plumber, the politician, his reporters, the parson, the butter, the lunch wagon man, and the lieutenant, will all combine to make life miserable for him, but the gentleman of the scissors and paste pot bears it all patiently until he has trouble with his collar.

The second act will introduce specialties never dreamed of on a deaf stage. It will be the greatest fun seen in a lifetime, and the Fifth Avenue Hotel scene, greatly exaggerated, of course, will interest the ladies who would like an idea of how this Sunday rendezvous looks to the average onlooker. No one should miss it.

Entertainment commences at 8:15 sharp.

Dancing will follow the performance, and those who go will get ten times their money's worth of fun and enjoyment.

Friday, this week, and do not forget it and afterwards repent.

Miss Pauline Weil, a sister of Mrs. M. Heyman, was married last week, the 5th, and her friends will know her in future as Mrs. Abraham Lesser, of Anderson, S. C.

A. L. Pach, astride his "Hickok" was lost for two hours Sunday at Coney Island, and when his companions discovered him it was found his hind wheel had taken clandestinely to glass, and a repair man had extracted fifty cents for a plug.

The fair at St. Matthew's Church which commenced this Tuesday evening, shows every indication of turning out a great success, as many saleable articles have been donated and the attendance on the opening night bespeaks a larger crowd on the morrow, and consequently weighty coffers when all is over.

On Saturday evening, the 30th, the Union League will have a claim on the public, and those who go there will feel well repaid on their return home.

The Elect Surds' rooms are being transformed into more palatial quarters, by the painters and decorators.

Chas. J. LeClerq has accepted a position with a large photo-engraving place dow town, where he will superintend one of the departments.

ST. LOUIS.

The Gallaudet Union meeting last Thursday evening was about all that could be desired in point of attendance and excellence of the programme, and was the fitting close of a very successful year.

Miss Herdman read a paper dealing with the history of Cuba from the earliest times to the present day, its natural resources as regards minerals, fauna, flora, climate, inhabitants, manners, customs, laws, religion and government. It was a timely subject treated in a most instructive and interesting manner. The subject for debate was: "Resolved, That character is better promoted by reading than by observation."

Misses Ivy Myers and Minnie Henning upheld the affirmative end of the question, while Miss Luella Stephens and Mr. Rene Schneider took the negative view. The debate was lively, and some clever hits were made by both sides. The judges, however, saw fit to award the victory to the negative side, contrary to the expectations of, perhaps, half of the audience. However, all of the debators covered themselves with glory if not with victory. The declamation by Mr. Chas. Jones, of "The Deathbed of Arnold," was well done and held the close attention of the audience from beginning to end.

The witty and humorous sayings rendered by Mr. Wright had the desired effect, judging by the smiles that following the reading of his selections. The union took occasion to heartily endorse the suggestion that the deaf of America present the deaf of France with a bust of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet in 1900. The matter will come up for formal action at the next meeting, at which also the annual election of officers takes place—May 13th.

The following persons received the apostolic rite of Confirmation at the hands of the Bishop of Missouri, at St. Thomas Mission, on Palm Sunday afternoon: Messrs. H. L. Terry, A. G. Rodenberger, E. D. England, G. Sholl; Misses L. V. Horman, Annie and Mary McCamley, Ida Knichel, Mesdames L. M. Chenery, E. Powers and E. J. Kyle. In spite of the rainy weather, the chapel was filled with communicants and visitors. The Bishop preached an impressive sermon on the principles of the doctrine of Christ, of which the laying on of hands, or confirmation, is one to be observed. Miss Pearl Herdman interpreted the sermon.

Mr. Howard L. Terry recently wrote some verses under the heading of "O Caust Thou," and sent them to an Illinois friend who will join the ranks of sweet girl graduates in May. The fair recipient set the words to music, and the piece has been adopted by the class and will be inserted in the musical programme on commencement day.

There was quite a reunion of former students of Gallaudet College at St. Thomas Mission services last Sunday morning. The group included Miss Phelps, Messrs. Haig, Powell, Terry, Steidemann, and Mr. and Mrs. Cloud.

Mr. William Nold, of Conrad, Calhoun Co., Ill., was a recent visitor in the city and attended the Gallaudet Union meeting. Of course, he subscribed for the JOURNAL.

The Rev. Mr. Mann lectures at the Memorial House on the evening of the 23d, and officiates at St. Thomas Mission at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. on the 24th.

Mr. Charles Wolf has returned from a visit down south. The next time he makes the trip, he is not expected to return alone.

Mr. A. J. Rodenberger will hereafter act as precentor at services at St. Thomas Mission.

April 9, '98. J. H. C.

We are training ourselves here for what we shall be hereafter: accordingly, some spend the Lord's day worshipping; others, smoking.

STATE OF OHIO.

The Independents Win Two Games.

WANTS TO HELP IN FREEING CUBA.

Billy Hoy "Tops Off" the Batting on the Colonel Team—Three Deaf-Mutes Confirmed—A Faith Healer—Other Notes.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The Independents opened the season last week with two games, and have started off well considering that the weather was decidedly off for ball playing—being cold and chilly. The Central High School boys were their first opponents in both games. In the first contest the score was pretty close, ending with 22 to 21 in faver of the Independents. The second game was played Saturday afternoon and proved a walk away for the Institution nine, both in hitting and scoring—the result being Independents, 36; Central High School, 10.

The following published in a recent Cleveland paper shows that the deaf are eager to lend a hand in freeing Cuba:

Assistant Adjutant Grneral H. B. Kingsley, O. N. G., left Cleveland for Coshocton, Monday afternoon. He will muster in a new company there. Before he left he remarked that the adjutant general's office at Columbus is open night and day now, and that Ohio's troops may be called out at any moment.

"We are awaiting advices from the war department," Colonel Kingsley said. "When they act, we will."

A deaf and dumb man in an Ohio town has applied to the adjutant general with a view of forming a detatchment of deaf and dumb soldiers under Ohio's name.

"We cannot talk nor hear," he writes, "but we are loyal to the end, and are quicker with the sight than the average guardsman. We could readily understand orders from our own officers."

The *Enquirer* of last Saturday has the following concerning Hoy and Ritchey, who last year were with the "Reds," but are now with the Louisville Club:

The two ex-Reds, Billy Hoy and Little Ritchey, "top off" the batting list of the Colonels. There are few better men to start a batting list than the mute. He can dump a ball with the best of them, is fast getting to first, and once there doesn't need a guidebook to complete the circuit. Hoy is a good ball player, and will always "get a hand" when he plays in Cincinnati.

Rev. A. W Mann's services last Saturday evening and Sunday were quite largely attended. He gave a lecture Sunday afternoon in Trinity Chapel on "Confirmation," and in the evening interpreted the Confirmation services of Bishop Vincent to the deaf who were candidates for the rite, namely Mr. and Mrs. E. I. Holycross and Miss Meleta Scott.

A faith healer pitched his tent in Columbus last week, and according to one of the city papers effected a number of cures in the City Hall on Sunday. Among them Frank Borden, who was totally deaf in his right ear or was stone deaf when he got up on the stage, and left it with his ear open.

A recent addition to the pupils' dining room at the rear end is a battery of three urns. The centre one and largest of the three for hot water holds sixty gallons, the other two for coffee and tea, each have a capacity of forty gallons. They are made of nickel plate, handsome in design, and will prove quite a convenience, the tea and coffee, too, have a better flavor since the urns have been in use.

The Payne bill, mention of which has been previously made, had a hearing before the proper Committee of the House last Tuesday evening. Several persons spoke in opposition to the measure, showing that it was not feasible at this time, nor that it was a proper step in the interests of the deaf. We have not yet learned what disposition the committee will make of the bill.

Superintendent Jones and Principal Patterson have been busy as bees the past week, preparing an entertainment for the State officers and General Assembly, which is to be given Wednesday evening.

It is extremely gratifying to her many friends here, to hear of the appointment, without solicitation, of Miss Clara Runck, as Institute teacher and Librarian in the Lexington Avenue (N. Y.) Oral School. This, too, before her graduation from Gallaudet College, which does not occur till June.

The pupils were treated last evening to a Kinetoscopic entertainment in the chapel, which proved quite an interesting treat.

When Old Glory and the Cuban flag of liberty was shown, enthusiastic applause was given by clapping of hands and stamping of feet. It is safe to say that there were no Don supporters in the audience.

House cleaning is the order of the Institution, especially in the front part of the building, and matters are rather topsy turvy there now. Allen Hitchcock has been employed to assist in the work for the time being. A. B. G.

April 9, 98.

Syracuse, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Keller, after a long search, have found a nice flat at Elmwood. Jessie Beekman, who has been their guest lately, is helping her sister with house cleaning.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth A. Brown have given up their house on Fabins Street, and may live up at Elmwood too.

Mrs. Butcher, formerly Mrs. Doane, of Utica, was the guest of Mrs. Anna Brown for a short time.

Messrs. Frank O. Lee and Jesse Kenyon were callers on Mr. Edward T. Murphy last week. Frank stated that he will stay in Baldwinsville, N. Y., during his parents' absence. They have gone to the Klondike with a party of twelve men.

Mr. Edward T. Murphy got a letter from Mr. Abell, of Texas, with a photograph of the latter, who is doing finely on his farm there.

Miss Josephine Blaum is the happy possessor of a '98 Stormer bicycle. It was given to her by a friend last month. She can manage it well.

A surprise party was given to Mrs. Ellsworth A. Brown in honor of her birthday. Six nice polished oak dining room chairs and one rocker were presented to her which pleased her much. Various games were played, and afterward, waltz was danced by the youngsters while the older ones enjoyed conversation. A delicious lunch was served.

STAR POINTER.

MARYLAND CONVENTION.

The third Convention of the Maryland Association of the Deaf, by order of the President, will be held at the Hall of the Baltimore Society of the Deaf, from the 2d to the 5th of August, 1898. The first day will be devoted to the opening addresses and business matters connected with this body. On the second day there will be a picnic at Druid Hill Park, according to the established custom. An excursion to Annapolis on the next day, will give those who have never visited that city (the capital of our State) the opportunity of viewing its historical points and interest. It must not be forgotten that Annapolis is the place where George Washington resigned his commission, as commander of the U. S. army, recognizing that the war was perfectly over. Another interesting feature is that the Naval Academy is located in this city. The fourth and final day will be devoted to the closing business of the said convention. On the evening of the same day a banquet will be held. Further details pertaining to this body will be made public later on. This is only a preliminary notice. Those who read this, should co-operate with us in order to make the convention a decided and glorious success.

A. C. BUXTON, *Secretary.*
437 Huntingdon Ave.,
Baltimore, Md.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES.

APRIL 17TH, FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER, THREE P.M.

St. Matthew's Church, N. Y.
St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.
Trinity Church, Newark.
St. Mark's Church, Tarrytown.

Chapel of the Intercession, N. Y., at 11 A.M.

Deaf-mutes are invited to meet in the Guild Room of St. Matthew's Church, N. Y., on Thursday, April 21st, at 8 P.M. Mr. Samuel M. Brown will lecture on "Spain, Its Grandeur and Decay."

Confirmation will be administrered in St Mark's Church, Brooklyn, on Sunday, April 24th, at 10.30 A.M. Deaf-mutes desiring to be confirmed will please give their names to Rev. John Chamberlain, D.D., after service next Sunday afternoon.

Amos French's wife and son, in company with their daughter, Mrs. Dora Williams and little child, of Kreps, and Frank E. Masterson of Bluffton, Ind., Friday of last week, drove to Marion and Gas City Ind., to pay 8 days' visit with their brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Leach at Fairmount. They returned home Monday of last week. En route they stopped at Hartford City for a while to visit. Saturday Messrs. French and Masterson have been in Alexandria, and Anderson, Ind., making pleasant trips on electric street cars.

CHICAGO.

The Chicago Deaf-Mute Mission.

EASTER SERVICES IN THE CITY.

A Large Budget of All Sort of News Items—Cuban Refugee Colony—The Garret Bill, Etc.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

[News items for this column may be sent to F. P. Gibson, 3439 Prairie Ave., Chicago.]

I take the following from the annual report of the Chicago Home Missionary and Church Extension Society for 1897, as being of interest generally as well as locally:

CHICAGO DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The first mission for the deaf in the history of Methodism is the Chicago Mission for the Deaf. This mission was started in October, 1893, by the Chicago Home Missionary and Church Extension Society of the M. E. church. Philip J. Hasenstab was appointed as missionary and pastor. But the society had for a little over four years sustained weekly church services for the deaf under Dr. Philip G. Gillett's oversight, he and several of his teachers at the state school for the deaf ministering of the Word of God by turns in the lecture-room of the First M. E. Church. The pastor was ordained to the office of deacon by Bishop J. H. Vincent in 1894 and received into full membership of the Rock River Conference in 1897, the first instance in each case in the history of Methodism.

The second mission of like character was started in Baltimore, Md., by the Baltimore Society, and is looked after by a deaf local preacher named D. E. Moylan. There is also another deaf local preacher itinerating in Maryland and Pennsylvania.

The Chicago Mission now extends its work to Kensington, Evanston, La Porte and South Bend, Ind., Rockford, Belvidere and Aurora. The pas or preaches in Kensington in the morning and in the city in the afternoon of each Sunday; in Aurora on the first Sunday evening and in Evanston on the third of each month; in Rockford on the second Friday and in Belvidere on the following Saturday and in La Porte and South Bend on the last Saturday of each month.

Class-meetings are being held in the parlors of the South Park Avenue and Park Avenue M. E churches on Wednesday evenings at which the deaf living near by assemble for Bible study. Two class-leaders have charge of same, the pastor visiting them once each month. There are monthly meetings of like nature in the five suburbs (Evanston, Pullman, Kensington, Gano and Fernwood), held by the pastor himself.

At present there are sixteen full members and twenty-six probationers in the mission, several of whom live outside the city now. An effort is soon to be made by which to advance the probationers into full membership. Lectures on the doctrines of religion will be delivered and truths essential to their salvation and growth made clear and worthy of their acceptation and practice.

The mission not only ministers to the spiritual needs of the deaf, but also has a Ladies' Aid Society to attend to the needy among the deaf.

Pastoral visitation is being welcomed in all places. The sick are cheered, the troubled strengthened, the backsliders awakened, the doubtful restored, the bereaved and sorrowful comforted.

The pastor is also depended upon for baptism, wedding ceremonies and funeral services. Since his ordination, he has baptized twenty-three children and ten adults, married sixteen couples, and buried six children and five adults.

The pastor also has, upon direct invitation, served in several school reunions, conducting their Sunday services.

What the hearing pastor or missionary is to the community in whose midst he is stationed, a deaf one is to that silent portion of the community. Inasmuch, as one well versed in their sign language is preferred, his services are indispensable.

The above does not say that the avorage attendance at the regular Sunday Seryices is between 75 and 100 people, nor does it begin to even mention in what high esteem "our pastor" is held by the deaf of the city and the appreciation we have for his earnest work in our behalf generally, for, outside of his ministerial duties, Mr. Hasenstab is a friend of every one and has proven "a friend indeed" many a time to not a few.

At the Easter service Sunday, there were nearly 200 people present, all deaf-mutes with the exception of three or four. The service was a very interesting one and the sermon unusually good—by that I mean but little, as the pastor has long since found the secret of keeping his auditors' attention.

A fine, new oak altar was in use for the first time that day, it being presented by the members of the church, together with a pulpit bible. The altar is the handiwork of Mr. Roth, one of the members of the church. The altar and rostrum were lavishly decorated with with potted plants and cut flowers.

The contributions taken at this service are to be devoted to the Cuban relief fund.

The service was also marked by the receiving into membership Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Gibney, and Misses Mary Koesel and Mary Prayor. Also the baptism of three children, Clarence Cartter, Rosine Stroheker and Grace Smith. Mr. Hasenstab also baptized the child of Mr. and Mrs. Dahl at their home in the evening.

Mrs. E. N. Bowes returned from Boston Saturday.

Miss Erma Esselstyn is on the sick list.

Miss Crook, of Jacksonville, is the guest of Mrs. C. L. Buchan.

Among the out-of-town folks at the service Sunday were Mr. Johnson and Misses Foy and Frasier, of Elgin, and Mrs. Baker and daughter, of Aurora.

Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Bowes announce the engagement of their daughter, Edith Louise, to Frederick H. Wolff.

Joseph Popka's business card now conveys the information that he is a "watch maker, jeweler and diamond setter," and is located at 555 W. Chicago Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Buchan have moved into town, and are now domiciled at 99 33d Street.

The advance-guard of May movers has moved, and Miss Barbara Post is among them. Miss Post is now at home at 1258 W. 17 Street. Mr. and Mrs. Gotthaimer have also helped the drayman along a little. They can be found at 3843 Indiana Avenue.

The following, headed "Cuban Refugee Colony," appeared in Tuesday's *Record*:

James I. Sansom of the postoffice dropped into the headquarters of the Cuban hospital supplies committee, 92 State Street, yesterday, to contribute to the quinine fund and tell the story of his wife's colony of Cuban refugee "squatters." Mrs. Sansom is the daughter of W. B. Merchant, a former postmaster of New Orleans. Some years ago he gave her a small island in the Gulf of Mexico, known as Belle Isle, and situated about sixty miles southeast of New Orleans. It was supposed to be uninhabited, but when she visited it about a year ago she found a colony of 200 Cuban refugees living there.

When the refugees learned that Mrs. Sansom was the owner of the island, they appealed to her to let them remain until the troubles of Cuba were settled. She gave consent, and when she last heard from them the Cubans were cultivating the land and and fishing in the sea in order to live until their own island is free. Mrs. Sansom is now in Texas, but expects to again visit Belle Isle before her return to Chicago.

Mr. Sansom has been receiving the congratulation of his clubmates since that appeared, as they were not aware they had a landed man in their midst.

It is as I thought, Philadelphia *is* slow and, not only that, but, if "J. S. R." voices the majority, she is also devoid of spunk. For, as he says, it is feared a protest against the Garret Bill would be only a waste of intelligence. August will be time enough any how, for, you know, Congress is so slow and Philadelphians constitute the major part of its body.

Of course there's great odds. But "what's the odds?" Chicago *has* had an "experience" with the the State legislature and fought great odds too—and lost—but that does not deter her deaf from fighting again if necessary. If the Chicago deaf had been built that way—afraid of the odds and "waiting till to-morrow"—the result of another fight (against the management of the local day schools a few years ago) would not have ever gone farther than the first faint protest. As it was, it took years of fighting, and against big odds too, to win, for win they did. But, what's the use, every one to his or her own taste, the rest of U. S., can do what "we" can, even if Phillie won't or can't help.

Mr. Gresheimer, of Richmond, Ind., is in the city visiting relatives. He is a brother of the big clothier of that name.

Harry Bailey, of Buchanan, Mich., has taken up his residence here, having secured work at spindle carving, and is an applicant for membership in the club.

Messrs Liebenstein, Codman, Kessler, Hart, Hyman, Regensburg and Kaufman, of the Wheelmen, have ordered Fowler mounts for '98.

The Easter entertainment of the Ladies' Aid Society was a successful affair. It occurred Saturday evening at the Church parlors, and was unique in its way, being a combination Church fair and supper. The supper was served from 6 to 9 o'clock, and many of the men folks employed down town dropped in and had their suppers, meeting Mrs A., or B., as the case might be, there, instead of going home, and spending the rest of the evening, and their week's wages may-hap, inspecting and purchasing the novelties on sale. These, as well as the supper, were mostly composed of the product of the hen—that is, they were eggs—eggs in every conceivable shape and condition. The evening was also passed by a good many in the usual social way, and the society added a sung sum to its treasury.

The next social affair is the lecture of Mr. Dougherty at the club, Saturday evening, the 16th.

F. P. G.

Walter E. Kadel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jno. A. Kadel, of Fanwood School for the Deaf and Dumb, New York City, arrived home last night. The little fellow is looking well and all indications show that he is well taken care of at the school. He is a bright boy, and though not quite seven years old can read the alphabet at sight and also recite the same with his fingers. It is wonderful with what rapidity the little tots pick up the finger language. We are told by his parents that he will return to school April 12th.—*Port Jervis, N. Y., Union, April 8.*

The attention of the anmsement-loving public is respectfully called to an interesting advertisement in this paper one of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League's series of original entertainments, which have become famous for the vim and jollity that characterized every affair under the auspices of the club for the last few years.

In the large confirmation class presented to Bishop Vincent at Trinity Church, Columbus, Ohio, in the evening of Palm Sunday, April 3d, were three members of All Saints Deaf-Mute Mission. The Rev. A. W. Mann was present, and addressed them for the Bishop.

A poor picture is not helped by being put in a good light.

SILENT STEED.

The Official Runs of the Silent Wheelmen.

THE ENTERTAINMENT TO-MORROW NIGHT.

News and Notes About Wheels and Wheelmen.

The official runs of the Silent Wheelmen arranged by Captain Soper, and his Lieutenants, Messrs. Lounsbury and Frankenheim, are as follows.

APRIL.

17—Bergen Point. To meet at West 42d Street at 9:30 A.M.
24—Whitestone. To meet at East 99th Street Ferry at 10 A.M.

MAY.

1—City Island.
8—Tottenville. To meet at Staten Island Ferry at 10 A.M.
15—Passaic Falls. To meet at W. 42d Street Ferry, at 9 A.M.
22—Jericho. To meet at E. 23d Street Ferry, at 9 A.M.
29—Bath Beach. To meet at E. 23d Street Ferry, at 10 A.M.
30—Asbury Park. To meet on board "Little Silver" at 8:30 A.M. (sharp.)

JUNE.

5—Open.
12—Nyack. To meet at Fort Lee Ferry (129th Street), at 9 A.M.
19—Hempstead. To meet at E. 23d Street Ferry, at 9 A.M.
26—Coney Island. To meet at E. 23d Street Ferry, at 9 A.M.

JULY.

3 and 4—Patchogue. To meet at E. 23d Street Ferry, July 3d, at 9 A.M.
10—Hackensack. To meet at W. 42d Street Ferry, at 9 A.M.
17—Rye Beach.
24—Far Rockaway. To meet at E. 23d Street Ferry, at 9 A.M.
31—Orange Mountains. To meet at W. 42d Street Ferry, at 9:30 A.M.

The officers in charge of the runs have arranged things so that there will be no more complaints as in the case last year, when the scorchers had their own way.

The runs will be in charge of the captain and one or both of the lieutenants.

The captain will have charge of the run. The pace will be from eight to ten miles an hour, according to the distance to be covered.

No one participating will be allowed to ride ahead of the pacemaker, as the runs have been arranged for pleasure, not for speed.

The Lieutenant will see to it that no rider lags behind. He will endeavor to keep all together.

Members are requested to be on hand at the starting points promptly, and also to be equipped with bell, lamp, and their repairing outfit.

To-morrow night, at Central Opera House Concert Hall, 67th Street near 3d Avenue, the Silent Wheelmen will give their first dramatic entertainment. First there will be a two-act farce comedy entitled "In the Editor's Flat," and Mr. W. G. Jones will entertain with several selections, and "Sunday afternoon at the Fifth Avenue," will amuse all, especially the ladies who have no idea of the doings of the Deaf at this famous hostelry on Sunday afternoon. It will be illustrated, perhaps exaggerated, anyhow it will be worth seeing.

Dancing will follow the entertainment.

Among those who have bought new '98 mounts, may be mentioned Mr. T. I. Lounsbury, A. L. Pach, A. Capelli and J. F. O'Brien.

Mr I. N. Soper has had his mount remodelled. It has now a '98 frame 23 inches high. The old frame was 26 inches.

M. T. F. Fox, too, has had his Columbia altered so that no one would now recognize it as his '97 mount. Mr. Fox now can be counted with the first division, if such there is.

Among the others who expect to get new '98 mounts are Ira W. Tyler, "Spalding;" M. Heyman and A. Ekartd.

W. L. Hanson has been riding a '97 model for the past two weeks. It is now laid up (the wheel) for repairs, on account of his trying to run down a horse. It happened this way: a horseman was going down a steep hill, Mr. Hanson was following behind at a lively rate; the result was that as soon as the bicycle hit the horse, the latter got frightened and kicked, upsetting Mr. Hanson. The damage is not very great. It will cost less than a V.

Bergen Point is the Silent Wheelmen's next run. The route and place was described with illustrations in this paper last year, when the Silent Wheelmen made their first official run. Those who haven't been ought to go and see the "Point." A. QUAD.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

FANWOOD.

Easter Sunday at the Institution.

THE USUAL WEEKLY BUDGET OF NEWS.

Visitors, Incidents and Sundry Jottings.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

Easter Sunday dawned here with a cloudy sky which indicated rain, much to the disgust of the gentler sex; who had been secretly preparing for weeks back, for the coming of this day, when they could come forth in all their artistic needlework. As the day lengthened the atmosphere began to clear, and old Sol came out in all his glory. It was an ideal day afterwards, and all who could, managed to get out to see and be seen, promenading from the churches, along boulevards and avenues.

Here at Fanwood preparations for the observation of the day began with the gardener Mr. Kempton, and his assistant, Mr. Petit, bringing potted plants from the greenhouse, and arranging them in the chapel. Below we give the names of various kinds of plants seen, for the benefit of those lovers of flowers:

Lilium Harrisii or (Easter Lily), several, Richardia Ethiopica, or (Calla Lily), several, Neprolepsis Etaltata or (Sword Fern), several; Cocos Weddeliana (Palm), two Spirea Palmata, several Deutzia Crenata, four large specimen Crotons in variety, Azaleas in variety, Cytusus Racemosus or (Genista), several Abutilon Variegata or (Chinese Bell flowers), several Cyclamen Persicum (Gigantea Alba) and Pteris, Cretica Alba Lineata.

When the few pupils who remained here, entered the chapel at eleven o'clock, the air was heavily charged with the perfume of plants, and the platform never looked as beautiful before.

Principal Currier conducted the exercises, choosing for his subject the Resurrection and Life of Christ.

In the afternoon the roads in front of the institution were crowded with all kinds of vehicles, and hundreds of fashionably dressed people, bent on enjoying the beautiful Spring day.

The Easter recess began on the 6th and ended on the 12th inst.

Misses Carrie Brautigam and Burke, were callers at the institution Monday afternoon.

Miss Henrietta Hoadley, of New Haven, Conn., was the guest of Matron Wilcox for a few days last week.

Mr. Walsh, of Boezman, Montana, a friend of Miss Prudence Burchard, was a caller on Wednesday last.

Chief Tutor W. H. Van Tassell and Miss Bessie L. Nixon attended the entertainment given by the 22d Regiment, Monday evening.

Misses Prudence Burchard, Eva E. Buckingham and Helen B. Andrews, were in Washington, D. C., during the Easter Recess.

Miss Emily Makinson, one of the girls' tutors, in company with several of the older girls, took a stroll up to and around Fort George Sunday afternoon.

Messrs. Driggs and Henne, Normal Fellows of Gallaudet College, dropped in to see the institution Sunday, on their way to Hartford, Conn., and Northampton, Mass.

Prof. E. S. Burdick was elected Superintendent of the Methodist Church Sunday School, located on Amsterdam Avenue and 153d Street, Monday evening.

Misses A. Berry, M. Clark and F. G. S. Smith were aboard the Hamburg-American Line steamer "Augusta Victoria," on Thursday last. They went purposely to see a friend, who was a passenger, off for Southampton, and incidentally had a chance to inspect the whole ship.

Quite a little excitement was created down along the water front Saturday afternoon last, by the arrival of a strange war ship, and in view of the present strained relations between Spain and this country, all sort of rumors were afloat. It however soon turned out to be a training ship, flying the flag of Austria.

That the deaf are as eager to enlist for the defense of their country, as the the hearing people, is plainly seen by a recent application of one of the silent fraternity, but as things were expected, his acceptance was rejected on account of his inability to hear. Well, boys! all who are anxious to become Uncle Sam's Jack Tars must not feel discouraged, as there may be an opening elsewhere.

Prof. Robert Douglas Hoyt, with Messrs. Charles W. Van Tassell, Jr., Eli Ellis, Jr., Edward Rappholdt, Fred Bachman and Henry Muench, visited the United States Sub-Treasury building in Wall Street, on Monday afternoon. Here they saw Uncle Sam's hoardings, incidents connected with issuing of gold and silver bullion. They also paid a visit to the Stock Exchange, that great money mart that controls the financial pulse of our nation. Happily the majorityof the visitors could not hear the hurly-burly babbling and gesticulation going on, otherwise they may have preferred to be deaf.

There was a game of base ball on our grounds last Saturday. Our Physical Director, Mr. T. G. Cook, was one of the players, as was also Henry Muench, the short stop of the Fanwoods, for one or two innings, when he quit, as the game was too slow for him.

Speaking of baseball, it reminds me of the fact that while school and college nines have been hard at work practicing during the Easter recess, the Fanwoods have laid aside their bats and mits and enjoyed the joyous Easter holidays in the way they knew how. It now remains to be seen whether any decided injury has been done to the team. Time will tell.

W. G. SHANKS.

April 12, '98.

THE ILLINOIS INSTITUTION.

The Jacksonville, Ill., *Journal*, of March 20th, contains the following concerning a visit of the Central Illinois Teachers' Association to the Institution for the Deaf at Jacksonville:

At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the visitors turned their faces westward and assembled in the Deaf and Dumb chapel, where an exceedingly interesting program was carried out for their entertainment. Dr. Gordon presided and made an appropriate address on "Progress in the Education of the Deaf." He said:

Ten years ago the schools for the deaf in Illinois had 590 pupils under the instruction of 47 teachers. One hundred of these pupils were in the private and day schools of Chicago. To-day more than 750 pupils are at school in this state under the tuition of 80 teachers. Two hundred and fifty of these pupils are in the Chicago schools. One hundred and ten of the Chicago pupils are receiving the benefit of a law under which a per capita allowauce for the support of schools for deaf children is deducted from a school fund belonging to Cook county, before the balance of the fund is distributed on a per capita basis among the district schools of Cook county for incidental expenses.

To the present time, the operation of this law has not prevented the sending of any child to the state boarding school who otherwise would have entered our school. One young boy has been withdrawn from the state school to attend a day school in Chicago very near his home. On the other hand, several day school pupils, old enough to learn trades, have been withdrawn from day schools in Chicago, and have entered the the state school. There is ample room for all. Every school has its specific work and its special advantages, and the relations of the state school to all other schools and all other orgainzed efforts for the benefit of deaf children are perfectly harmonious.

Notwithstanding the liberal legislation of the state of Illinois and the private liberality of the friends of the deaf, there are to-day at least as many deaf children in the state without special instruction as are now at school. Private liberality has been taxed to the utmost, and, notwithstanding the liberality of the state, present provision is entirely inadequate to the needs of deaf children. The state school is obliged to have school rooms in the attics of high buildings, in a dimly lighted and poorly ventilated basement, in dormitory buildings and over the bakeshop. The hospital accommodations are antiquated and insufficient, and the dining-room and dormitories are crowded, but, like the omnibus that is never full, the state school continues to accept apapplicants for admission and to stow them away as best it may.

Aside from the growth in numbers, though Illinois has not kept pace fully with the most progressive schools in the nation, the most notable development has been the advancement made in both the quality and the extent of oral instruction. The attitude of the state school toward the instruction of the deaf in speech and lip-reading has always been liberal and progressive. Ten years ago nearly 35 per cent of the pupils were receiving oral instruction. At present 55 per cent are in the oral department, in which speech and lip-reading are the ordinary means of communication, or are receiving special instruction every school day in speech and lip-reading. In the Chicago schools ten years ago 56 per cent of the pupils were taught speech and lip-reading. In the present 99 per cent are under some form of oral instruction. The rapid and substantial growth of these schools, notwithstanding their many drawbacks, is due in large measure to the attention given in them to the development of the speech of their pupils, in which respect these are in line with the practice of the vast majority of the schools for the deaf throughout the civilized world.

It is difficult to pass judgment upon the quality of the work. Where the instruction is solely by manual methods, in forms of communication unintelligible to the educated world, it is a very rare thing for even educators and those specially interested in education at large to make any serious attempt to really determine the advancement of deaf children at school who continue to be dumb, some of whom may be quite intelligent, but in many such cases "Silence is indeed golden." On the other hand orally taught deaf children are constantly subjected at school and in their homes to a running fire of questions which too often expose their ignorance to their seeming disadvantage. There can be no question but that with larger experience there has been a decided improvement in the quality of oral instruction. The younger children frequently speak much better than the children who have acquired the elements of speech under less favorable conditions, when the processes of instruction in speech were not so well understood. However imperfect the speech of a deaf born child may be as a means of communication, it is of incalculable value in the development of his brain power as a preliminary to his education. For it should not be forgotten that speech and education are not synonymous, speech simply affording the best conditions and the best accessories to the higher development of a child.

The program consisted of exhibition class work in finger spelling, oral, auricular departments; in gymnastics; industries and mechanical arts. In the last mentioned, the work done by wood workers, painters, bakers, shoemakers and printers, was exemplified. At the conclusion of the program, which was followed with the closest attention, Dr. Gordon courteously announced that the grounds and buildings belonged to the visitors and that they would be welcome anywhere they might wish to go. Each person was presented with a handsome souvenir in the shape of a 20-page copy of the *New Era* containing pictures of Superintendent Gordon, the heads of departments, besides various rooms and buildings. The work was done in the institution print shop.

FINEST WRITING KNOWN.

The wildest dream of fine postal card writing fails to be of interest when compared with what has been written on glass with a diamond point. So marvelously fine are the marks that when, by means of a powerful miscroscope, we clearly read the words covered by a speck when seen with the naked eye: it is difficult to realize the fullness of the fact presented.

Think of legible writing so fine that twenty copies of the entire Bible can be written in the narrow space of one square inch! Particular attention is called to this strange fact by Stephen Helm, a member of the New York Microscopical Society and a fellow of the Royal Society of London.

"The account of the wonderfully fine writing produced by Charles S. Monnier on a postal card is very interesting," said Mr. Helm, as he sat by his microscope, with a bit of glass in his hand that showed a black ring in the center about the size of a silver 3-cent piece. "His accomplishment is quite wonderful, but it is nothing compared with what is on this glass.

"That is the Lord's Prayer," said Mr. Helm. "It contains 227 letters and is written within the five-hundredth part of a square inch. In other words the space it covers is one-twentieth by one-twenty-fifth of an inch, and 500 of such spaces are contained within the bounds of a single inch, which at the same rate, would contain 113,500 letters. Look at it and read the words."

The bit of glass was adjusted under the microscope, and there, in good, plain writing, was the Lord's prayer. As I read the lines, a single speck of dust that floated unobserved before our eyes settled on the glass slide and obscured the entire prayer.

"This writing is not regarded by microscopists familiar with minute forms as anything wonderful," said Mr. Helm, "but the postal card story makes it of general public interest. Now look at this slide."

The glass slide referred to was similar to the other, and within the little black circle marked on it there was no mark to be seen with the naked eye or with the strongest hand magnifying glass.

"You can see nothing there," continued Mr. Helm, "neither can you under an ordinary miscrosope, but the same prayer is written there as on the other glass, only, as compared with the other, the space is as New York city compared with a Duchess county farm. Look at it under the strongest power my microscope is capable of."

There it was, the Lord's Prayer, in the same handwriting as the other—both being done by Prof. Webb of the Royal Microscopical Society—but ever so much smaller.

"The larger writing, as I have told you," said Mr. Helm, "covers a space measured by one-twentieth of an inch one way by one-twenty-fifth the other. This one covers a space measured by one-five-hundredth part of an inch in one direction and one-six-hundred-and-fifty-third part of an inch in the other direction. In other words, it means that with writing of that size, 74,115,500 letters can be placed in a single square inch. The force of this is easier comprehended when we remember that the Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, which means that the entire Christian Scripture can be written legibly, twenty times repeated, within the space of a single square inch and have considerable vacant space.

This wonderful minute writing, which requires a microscope magnifying 600 diameters to make it readable, is produced by moving the hand and forming the letters as in ordinary very fine writing. The pen that is used is connected with a a series of levers that reach a distance of six feet, where is placed the glass slide to be written on. These levers are so adjusted that the amount of motion is lessened as it travels along the successive levers, until, when it reaches the delicate end armed with a minute diamond that rests on the glass surface, it is reduced to the required fineness.—*Ex.*

Rev. Mr Mann's Appointments.

APRIL.

16—7:30 P.M., Pittsburgh. Instruction on Confirmation.
17—11 A.M., Pittsburgh. Holy Communion.
17—3 P.M., Pittsburgh. Confirmation by Bishop Whitehead.
17—7:30 P.M., Pittsburgh. Probable.
20—Evening. Indianapolis.

Additional appointments will be published soon. The address of the Rev. Mr. Mann is Gambier, Ohio.

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